

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Oh, what is the Christmas spirit? Aye, that's the rub. Shall we find our answer in books—in folios, quartos, octavos or duodecimos?

No. For certain wisdom does not lie in these, but only problems set down for the proving. Shall we find our answer in palaces, in mansions, in manor houses, in halls, 'tills, castles or moated granges?

No. For proven wisdom is a stranger here and nothing is heard but vague echoes of a distant life.

So let us go for our answer to the source of all knowledge, the source of all power, the source of all might, majesty, dominion and honor—the people, the open mouthed people, the everybody-wait-till-the-horse-gets-up people, the red knuckled, rubber wearing people, the straight-forward, simple hearted people.

And where do we find the people in the greatest number? In the street.

Then in the street will we peer around for our answer.

On a corner the people congregate and from the center issues a toot.

"Just the thing for Christmas!" cries a voice, and the horn toots again while the people continue to congregate. We insinuate ourselves into the center of the crowd and there behold a joyful faced peddler with a tray before him full of small cardboard boxes. He toms the horn again, and we are tickled to find that it is strapped around his waist with the muzzle pointing due ahead.

"Ha-ha-ha!" he cries as he gleefully toms the horn. "That is to wake the dead." He blushes (though still smiling) at the utter absurdity of the horn, and the messenger boys shower him with blissful and appreciative grins. The peddler picks up one of the boxes, removes the cover and shakes out a smaller box, whereupon he laughs uproariously.

He toms the horn.

And from the smaller box he takes another box.

He toms the horn.

And from the other box he takes a different box.

He toms the horn.

And from the different box he takes a little box.

He toms the horn.

And from the little box he takes a bit of a box.

He toms the horn.

And from the bit of a box he takes a tiny box.

He toms the horn.

And from the tiny box he takes a wee tidy box.

He toms the horn.

And still triumphantly toms the horn and surrounded by an impenetrable circle of open mouths (including this student's mouth) he takes two little carved dolls from the wee tidy box and reiterates that this here is the very thing for Christmas.

Whereat we reflect. Is the Christmas spirit connected with ebony twins in a nest of cardboard boxes?—New York Evening Sun.

A Christmas Song

Oh, Christmas is a jolly time,
When forests hang with snow,
And other forests bend with toys,
And lovely Yule logs glow!

And Christmas is a solemn time,
Because, beneath the Star,
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men, near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time
Come holiday and cheer,
For one who loves a little child
Hath Christmas all the year.
—Florence Evelyn Pratt.

Big Christmas Family Party.
When Sir Sydney Waterlow was lord mayor of London, in 1873, he decided to give a Christmas dinner at the Mansion House. Only near relatives were invited, yet covers were laid for no fewer than 186. The total was made up of Sir Sydney's father, four sons, four daughters, four brothers, six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins and one grandson. Lady Waterlow contributed her stepmother, four brothers and three sisters, twelve nephews and twelve nieces, and forty-one cousins, while a quota of other relations by marriage brought the total to the number named.

An Old Christmas Carol.
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas day in the morning.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE "LITTLE FRIENDS"

THE Norwegian custom of preparing a Christmas dinner for the birds by tying to the top of a pole in the dooryard a large full sheaf of grain is now being followed in many places in America, with variations.

Instead of the sheaf a little tree is dressed with bits of suet and bread. This is set on a broad shelf outside the window, a burlap foundation about it being liberally sprinkled with bird seed, chaff and hay seed. This pretty custom is supplemented in New York by the children of a kindergarten near Central park, who arrange a most beautiful Christmas dinner for the little gray squirrels of that neighborhood. The affair is so pretty that it bears passing on. On the afternoon when school closes for the Christmas vacation the children form in procession and each carries a little basket of nuts, crackers and sugar biscuit, winding their way over the white asphalt into the grove where the feast is to be spread.

No detail is omitted. Even appropriate menus are supplied, and no Orlando ever planned verses to his Rosalind upon oaks and elms with more enthusiasm than the little people who feel their responsibility for providing a merry Christmas for their squirrel friends.

All about the bases of the trees is spread a generous quantity of nuts of every sort and kind, and no hostess giving a dinner to honored guests could take greater pains to see that everything is daintily and conveniently arranged for their needs.

When the little people trip away it is with the consciousness that Mr. Gray Squirrel and all his kin are in possession of a store of goodies quite sufficient to carry them well through the holiday vacation.

And Keep Your Christmas Green

Bring in the trailing forest moss,
Bring cedar, fir and pine,
And green festoon and wreath and cross
Around the windows twine.

Against the whiteness of the wall
Be living verdure seen,
Sweet summer memories to recall
And keep your Christmas green.

It is his dear memorial day
Who broke earth's frozen sleep
And who for her hope's gladdening ray
Forever bright will keep.

He gives all loveliness that grows,
The strong and graceful trees,
The winter moss, the fresh June rose—
The dear Lord saves us these.

Who saves us from the piteous wreck
Of souls adrift in sin,
So not alone the churches deck,
But peaceful homes within—

Made peaceful by his constant love,
Let thoughts of him abide.
To find us our lost home above
He homeless lived and died.

We keep the bright home festival
And, with a childlike cheer,
His angel ushered birthday call
The merriest of the year.

Yes, merry Christmas let it be,
A day to love and give,
Since every soul's best gift is he
Who came that we might live.

And all things beautiful are his,
And his he maketh ours,
So bring each bud that bursting is,
All Christmas blooming flowers,

All blossoms that in windows shine,
With leaves to light unfurled,
In memory of that Flower Divine
Whose fragrance fills the world.

Be all old customs honored so
That good to others mean,
Bring cross and garland from the snow
And keep your Christmas green.
—Lucy Larcom.

Saving For Christmas.
Any plan that induces almost half the population of a city of 16,000 people to save in small amounts \$175,000 a year is worthy of study. The Oil City Trust company of Oil City, Pa., has a Christmas Saving club, which has grown greatly in recent years. The object in starting the club was to enable people of limited means to set aside small amounts each week to be paid to them, with interest, two weeks before Christmas. Members may begin by paying a cent a week, increasing the amount by a cent each week until the fifty are up. This amounts to \$12.50 per year. A second class club for a two cent saving the first week, adding the initial amount each succeeding week. This makes a total saving of \$25.50 for the year.—Leslie's.

Pay Their Doctor at Christmas.
As regards presents at Christmas, the rule is, in primitive Spain, to send a present to the cura (parish priest) and the doctor. Many Spaniards pay a fixed annual sum to their medical man, and he attends all the family, including servants. His salary is sent to him at Christmas, with the addition of a turkey, a cake or some fine sweetmeats.

Christmas Near The North Pole

A JOYFUL Christmas was that spent by Admiral Peary on his last expedition to the arctic, from which he returned with the report of the discovery of the north pole. At Cape York, Greenland, the Roosevelt picked up Eskimos and dogs and by way of Etah and Cape Sheridan made her way to Grant Land, where she had to halt in the ice locked waters of the Arctic ocean, only 600 miles from the pole. When Christmas day came. The story of the party's celebration of this Christmas, one of the "farthest north" ever enjoyed by white men, was told interestingly by the explorer when he returned to the United States.

"It was not very cold," wrote Peary, "only minus 23 degrees F. In the morning we greeted each other with the 'Merry Christmas' of civilization. At breakfast we all had letters from home and Christmas presents which had been kept unopened. MacMillan was master of ceremonies and arranged the program of sports. At 2 o'clock there were races on the ice foot. A seventy-five yard course was laid out, and the ship's lanterns, about fifty of them, were arranged in two parallel rows twenty feet apart. These lanterns are similar to a railway brakeman's lantern, only larger. It was a strange sight—that illuminated race course within 7 1/2 degrees of the earth's end.

"The first race was for Eskimo children, the second for Eskimo men, the third for Eskimo matrons with babies in their hoods, the fourth for unencumbered women. There were four entries for the matrons' race, and no one could have guessed from watching them that it was a running race. They came along four abreast, dressed in furs, their eyes rolling, puffing like four excited walrus, their babies in their hoods gazing with wide and half bewildered eyes at the glittering lanterns. There was no question of cruelty to children, as the mothers were not moving fast enough to spill their babies. Then there were races for the



"AT BREAKFAST WE ALL HAD LETTERS FROM HOME."

ship's men and the members of the expedition and a tug-of-war between the men aft and forward.

"Nature herself participated in our Christmas celebrations by providing an aurora of considerable brilliancy. While the races on the ice foot were in progress the northern sky was filled with streamers and lances of pale white light.

"Between the races and the dinner hour, which was at 4 o'clock, I gave a concert on the piano in my cabin, choosing the merriest music in the rack. Then we separated to dress for dinner. This ceremony consisted of putting on clean flannel shirts and neckties. The doctor was even so ambitious as to don a linen collar.

"Percy, the steward, wore a chef's cap and a large white apron in honor of the occasion, and he laid the table with a fine linen cloth and our best silver. The wall of the mess room was decorated with the American flag. We had mink ox meat, an English plum pudding, sponge cake covered with chocolate, and at each plate was a package containing nuts, cake and candies, with a card attached, 'Merry Christmas From Mrs. Peary.'

"After dinner came the dice throwing contests and the wrestling and pulling contests in the fo'castle. The celebration ended with a phonograph concert given by Percy.

"But perhaps the most interesting part of our day was the distribution of prizes to the winners in the various contests. In order to afford a study in Eskimo psychology there was in each case a choice between prizes. Tookoomah, for instance, who won in the women's race, had a choice between three prizes—a box of three cakes of scented soap, a sewing outfit containing a paper of needles, two or three thimbles and several spools of different sized thread and a round cake covered with sugar and candy. The woman did not hesitate. She had one eye perhaps on the sewing outfit, but both hands and the other eye were directed toward the soap. She knew what it was meant for. The meaning of cleanliness had dawned upon her—a sudden ambition to be attractive."—New York Tribune.

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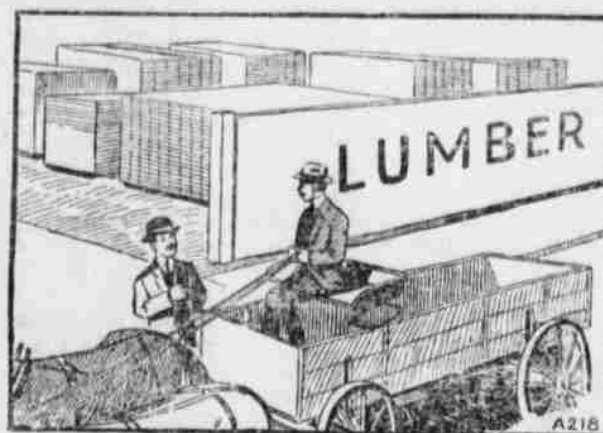
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A Christmas Carol

By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Lo, newborn Jesus,
Soft and weak and small,
Wrapped in baby's bands
By his mother's hands,
Lord God of all!

Lord God of Mary,
Whom his lips caress
While he rocks to rest
On her milky breast
In helplessness.

Lord God of shepherds
Flocking through the cold,
Flocking through the dark
To the only ark,
The only fold.

Lord God of all things,
Be they near or far,
Be they high or low,
Lord of storm and snow,
Angel and star.

Lord God of all men,
My Lord and my God,
Thou who lovest me,
Keep me close to thee
By staff and rod.

Lo, newborn Jesus,
Loving great and small,
Love's free sacrifice,
Opening arms and eyes
To one and all!

Auction Sale of School Lands.
Notice is hereby given that on the 29th day of December, 1915, at one o'clock p. m. at the office of the county treasurer of Lincoln county, the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, or his authorized representative, will offer for lease at public auction all educational lands within said county upon which forfeiture of contract has been declared as follows:

SE 1/4 36-13-33, George Lehman.
FRED BECKMAN,
Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.

Dated December 6, 1915. 92-3w
NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR THE SALE OF CITY OF NORTH PLATTE PARK BONDS.

Notice is hereby given by the Mayor and City Council that bids will be received at the office of C. F. Temple, City Clerk, for the purchase of the City of North Platte bonds, to the amount of \$10,000.00, for the purpose of refunding the same. The bonds will be sold at public auction, on the 29th day of December, 1915, at one o'clock p. m. at the office of the City Clerk. The bonds will be sold in five percent increments, and the bidder offering the lowest price will be the successful bidder. The bonds will be payable in five percent increments, and the bidder offering the lowest price will be the successful bidder. The bonds will be payable in five percent increments, and the bidder offering the lowest price will be the successful bidder.

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